

[Forty Fathoms]

Copy-1 Tales - Fables Songs and Poems - Seamen's poems

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK [?] Forms to be Filled out for Each Interview

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

STATE NEW YORK

NAME OF WORKER Saul Levitt

ADDRESS 27 Hamilton Terrace, New York City

DATE DECEMBER 1, 1938

SUBJECT "FORTY FATHOMS" — (SERGEANT O'HOULIHAN TELLS 'EM) (IN THOSE DAYS)

1. Date and time of interview

November 29, 1938

2. Place of interview

3. Name and address of informant Victor Campbell, 25 South St. New York City (Known as "Forty Fathoms")

4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant.

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(See Forms A B and D—Previous interview of November 14, 1928

5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you

6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

Note (Referring to comment on page 7 —“Forty Fathoms” interview of 11/14/38... re-SEAMEN'S INSTITUTE: When questioned at some length on the Institute, Forty Fathoms clarified Seaman's—his version of seamen's attitude toward the Seamen's Institute—considerably. He explained that the Institute at the time of the old ISU setup, when, as he states, “the bureaucracy ran the ISU in New York,” worked along with the bureaucracy, was intolerant of rank and file union discussion among seamen in the Institute, and in general reflected the union administration interests; however, since the change along the East Coast, with the National Maritime Union coming to the top as the big union force among East Coast seamen, The Institute now reflects the newer, more progressive character of the National Maritime Union.

The above is paraphrase of Forty Fathoms attitude; controversial references are his. “During the Seamen's Strike in the Fall of 1936 Troop D of the Police Department rode down the seamen. Union protests brought Commissioner Valentine personally to the scene of the strike which such attacks ceased.” “Forty Fathoms.”

Use as many additional sheets as necessary, for any of the forms, each bearing the proper heading and the number to which the material refers.)

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

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SERGEANT O'HOULIHAN TELLS 'EM

by "Forty Fathoms" but the pseudonym for this story was "Mooring Swivel."

The police in the station house near Strike Headquarters were whiling away the hours reading the [New Masses?], [New Republic?] and [The Pilot?]. For it was an order from headquarters that the police should keep in touch with the times and improve their minds. Silence reigned.

At last Officer O'Toole remarked: "Sure, and the Fascists aren't doing so well in Spain. Now that's phwat I've been saying all the time. You can't lick a people that's fighting for their just rights and duly elected government. Democracy always wins."

Sergeant O(Houlihan fixed the speaker with a baleful gleam: "I wish you intellectuals would come back home and pay some attintion to local affairs. Not that I'm not in favor of the working class of all countries," he hastily added, on seeing Officer Sullivan laying aside his paper and clearing his throat. "But, " continued the sergeant, "phwat about the seamen? That's what I'm interested in."

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O'Toole grew angry: "Just because you used to be a seaman before you commenced to live off the people's taxes, all we can get from you is the cause of the seamen. Neglecting every other trade and craft. An obsession with you.

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Let me tell you, O'Houlihan, the longshoremen are noticing your partiality and are complaining. They see you distributing the Pilot and they say you never bother to fetch around copies of the ShapeUp."

The sergeant hung his head "Faith, you can't blame a man for having a soft spot in his heart for the bhoys," he mumbled.

* * * * *

"Lave the Sergeant alone, O'Toole," said Officer Sullivan. "And me brave bhoy, let us know phwat ye are doing for the worrkers in Spain. Talk is cheap, you know."

"I distributed over 1000 copies of the New Masses and as many New Republics along the front in the past week, besides donating \$10 out of me last pay cheek. And I ruined a couple of scabs that was thrying to sneak aboard a ship."

"Begorra, O'Toole, said the sergeant, "so you're the man who did that? Well, yere a credit to the ould sod and to yer faither. I was beginning to think ye had forgotten the boys, ye were so busy with yer worrld politics."

Sullivan cleared his throat: "World polities is it , Sarrgeant O'Houlihan? [?] And phwere would ye be if it wasn't for the British and worrld politics? Ye know dom well ye were chased out of ould Ireland and had to come over here to make yer living. If we'd stayed in the ould country ye'd have been hung for fighting for yer rights and ye know it. I won't have you throwing any disparaging remarks at worrld politics. Ye and yer seamen!"

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"That's enough, Sullivan," shouted the worthy sergeant. "The seamen, be jabers, are the salt of the earth. I was one of thim and I know. And another thing. I'll have ye scallywags know that I'll have no blacklegs among my crew. Look phwat I found in me desk this morning. Be the shades of Pthrick will ye look at this!"

He pulled out a copy of a Hearst newspaper and his voice shook with rage.

"Be the eternal powers," he said, "if I only knew the spalpeen that did 3 this thrick I'd fine him his whole month's wages, and give it to yer seamen. Aren't they on strike? Don't the bhoys need help?"

No one answered. It did not do to get O'Houlihan riled. The old sergeant's eyes roamed about the room: "You, O'Roarke, from the watherfront beat! Now phwat have you done for the bhoys?"

O'Roarke reached to his hip pocket and fished out a tin can marked 'Help the striking seamen.' "I've filled manys the can in me time. And this about half full."

"And phwat is the mather with filling her up now, may I ask?" inquired Sergeant O(Houlihan. "Pass the can around. Come on bhoys, it's for me brrave lads on the picket line."

* * *

The sergeant cleared his throat: "All right, Sullivan, we must shtand by the ones who pay our taxes and that's the worrking class."

The can was passed around.

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"And," said the sergeant, "If ye see any carrs thrying to sneak around the watherfront with scabs, rrun them off and give them a taste of the ould shillahli. The scallywags, thrying to take away a descent man's job."

"Sailors again," muttered Sullivan.

The sergeant glared: "And phwat were ye doing when ye worrked for a living, may I ask?"

"Who, me?" asked Sullivan, "why, I was a painter."

"Oh, yis," said the sergeant. "Well, I never did see a painter that couldn't find a bether painter in a seaman. Put that in yer pipe and shmoke it. And what were ye doing, O'Toole?"

"Ay was a riveter in a shipyard."

* * *

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"And who sailed the ships so that ye could get worrk riveting? Shure, the seamen, And you, O'Roarke. Ye were a longshoreman. Well, I'll have ye to know that ye would have very little worrk if the sailors did not sail the ships. Begorra and all of ye would be missing coffee in the morrning, I'm thinking."

He commenced to read the Pilot. Suddenly he looked up and shouted: "Now git out of here. There's a shtrike on and by me sowl there'll be no scabs go through the picket lines on my beat as long as me name is O'Houlihan. I was born and raised a worrker and with the Worrkers I'll sthick. And here, take some of these to the watherfront when you go."

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He laid a bundle of Pilots on the desk. As they were leaving, he called Officer Sullivan back. "Leave me yer copy of the New Republic, Sullivan. I want to sthudy a little on this worl'd situation."

(published in the I S U pilot, December 25, 1936)

* * * IN THOSE DAYS

(The strange tale of a mysterious stranger who sailed the ships of Carthage and knew Orsis, the first merchant who tried to organize against the seamen.)

Shanghai Slim had had enough of the beer in No. 6 and so he left the gang and went out on the street for a breath of fresh air. And the air was fresh on South Street with garbage and contact with the great unwashed who slept in the doorways or wandered in bleary eyed fashion up and down the street.

"Gas hounds!" scornfully thought Slim. "Why in hell don't they leave that stuff alone?" Slim meditated on the ills of humanity and sailors in particular. Some of these human wrecks were personally known to him and at one time not so long 5 ago had been first rate sailor men. And now look at them. Slim spat on the sidewalk.

He stood on the curb meditating. Suddenly his attention was arrested by an apparition bearing down on him. Slim had seen strange sights in his travels, but this man, strolling down the street, was the strangest sight that Slim had ever seen. The man was tall and swarthy. He might have been any age. A Moorish jacket, wide bottomed trousers, and a huge pair of gold earrings comprised his attire. That he was a seafaring man, was evident by his walk.

Slim shook his head. Was it possible that a few beers in No. 6 had made him see things. By the Lord he would see to it that the joint's ad was taken out of the Pilot. No, it could not

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have been the beer. The street looked in perfect order and he could read the number over the saloon perfectly.

* * * * *

The stranger drew abeam and Slim greeted him. "Whither away mate?"

The stranger answered in broken yet clear English. The accent was new to Slim. It was not German, Spanish or any dialect which Slim had heard. He was mystified. He was more mystified at the stranger's reply. "I have come to see what Time and Progress have done for the Sailors on this continent," said he.

"Where are you from?" asked Slim.

"I am from the land of Terra del Blanco," replied the stranger.

Slim began to think rapidly. He had never heard of such a place. Where in hell was that. The map of the world began whirling thru Slim's head. Terra del Fuego, Terra Nova, but where was Terra del Blanco? He was being taken for a sleigh ride? Well, he would show this stranger, that He, Shanghai Slim, was no fool.

"So you want to find out how we are making out in this country? Well, you came a little late. A week or so ago the I. S. U. officials had the cops 6 riding us down on the picketline and throwing us in the hoosegow. But you will get a different tale if you go to see the I. S. U. officials."

* * *

"The I. S. U. officials?" said the stranger. "There were no ISU officials when I was here last. I remember bowsprits that used to stick out over the street in those days. And the masts of the windjammers, the Yankee clippers, a regular forest of them."

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Slim looked at the stranger and then calculated the distance to the ambulance at the Broad Street Hospital. This man was another looney.

"Tell me," said the stranger, "about these officials who are supposed to be handling your affairs. Are they bettering your conditions? We were not so fortunate in my day."

"Fortunate?" said Slim who could not longer contain himself. "Fortunate?" Is it fortunate to have the officials collecting our money to use against us when we strike? Is it fortunate for us to get our membership rights taken away because we fight for better conditions? Is it fortunate for us to have officials who are friends with the shipowners? Is it fortunate that some of our officials are now wealthy men at our expense? And now Dave Grange* has thousands of dollars missing from the Union funds." Slim was now enraged.

* * *

"Ah, Ostrap, you are still up to your old tricks, you did not die," murmured the stranger.

"Who was Ostrap," questioned Slim.

"He was a sailor who formed what you now call a "Union," in the days when I sailed with the Phoenician traders carrying dyes to Egypt" said the stranger.

Slim did not know who the Phoenicians were except that he had read somewhere that they were the first commercial seamen on the Mediterranean thousands of years ago. Slim looked once more towards the Broad Street Hospital. But, no.

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He would humor this stranger. "What happened to Ostrap?" asked Slim.

"Over the side," said the stranger significantly. "But these ships," said he. "Do the seamen ever own these ships?"

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"Own them," said Slim. "I should say not. The bankers own them. How in hell can a sailor own anything on a lousy \$62.50 per month?"

"It was not so in my days," said the stranger. "We received a just share of the value of the cargoes. There was a chance for sailors to become rich in the days when I sailed on the ships of Carthage. We were seafaring men and traders. We owned the ships and sailed them. The merchants paid us tribute. There was a man called Orsis who tried to organize the merchants against us but it did not work."

"What happened to him?" said Slim.

"Over the side," answered the stranger.

"But these men who are lying about in the gutters! What is the meaning of this?" Slim did not want to answer that these were the "unwanted," the castoffs of the profit system. He kept silent.

"The last time I seen such a sight," continued the stranger, "was when I sailed with the private Henry Morgan on the Spanish Main. Then it was only in strongholds after a successful raid that such sights were seen. They did not remain in that state. What is done to rehabilitate these men?" asked the stranger.

"Nothing," said Slim, as he looked across at the Muni** where thousands were lining up for bread. There's old Mother Roper*** who claims to rehabilitate the seamen but everyone knows she rehabilitates the Church Institute and herself. The seamen see none or very little of it."

"How everything has changed since the days I knew John Paul Jones, the American revolutionist," the apparition commented. "Ah, HE was a fighter. Tell me, do the American seamen retain their revolutionary traditions?"

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"What hell is this," ghought Slim. "He's not only crazy, he's another Red. Didn't he read somewhere in a Hearst newspaper about such talk. "Revolutionary 8 traditions! Sure, he must be a Red."

"Is Terra del Blanco a part of Russia," questioned Slim.

The stranger shook his head and smiled.

"Then how do you get such ideas?" truculently asked Slim.

"My boy," said the stranger, "we seamen had those ideas before Confucius, before the Mongols invaded what is now called Russia, before the rise and fall of the mighty Roman Empire. We and our opinions manned the galleys of Rome, Carthage and Egypt. Later we sailed with Lief Erickson, Columbus, the Portuguese, the English.

"That is why I have come and see how the world is progressing. Not so long ago, the Colonists were the seamen in every part of the world. I was with Cook on the South seas, with Ross in the Antarctic, with Vasco de Gama and Americus Vespuccius. In cockle shells we risked our lives over uncharted seas without aid of sextant. The wind and luck was all we had and our destinations were unknown. The spirit of Freedom and adventure lived in us."

The stranger glanced at the declining sun, which by now grazed the roof of the Muni and started off.

Slim shouted, "Who are you?"

The man paused: "I am the spirit of Progress," he answered and then disappeared around the corner of Broad Street below the old M. W. I. U. hall.

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Slim gazed on the street which was now almost deserted except for the “gas hounds.” Was he dreaming? Was it Kaplan's beer that had done this to him? It was about time he shipped out or he would wind up in Bellevue, he thought.

And Slim said to himself: “At any rate, whether I am dreaming or not, he must have been a damn good Union man. Jesus, think of it, they ran their ships back there in those days.”

(as published in the “I. S. U. Pilot”)

* * *

* Dave Grange, a former official of the I. S. U. from which seamen on the East Coast broke away to form the N. M. U.

** Muni the shortened name for the Municipal loding house used by seamen, transient (workers.)

*** Mother Roper. Mrs. Roper, an official of the Seamen's Church Institute.

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* * * * *

Literary polish, sometimes a barrier in “Forty Fathom's” poetry and stories here lends itself to an interesting effect: his artless and straightforward use of an old literary device is immediately apparent; it is deliberate and transparent usage and as such the seaman reader accepts it and immediately proceeds to absorb Forty Fathom's “message.” The analogy is in the setting up of stage sets and the naming of actors for their parts within full view of the audience which is fully prepared to understand and appreciate beforehand the conclusion of the play. “Forty Fathoms” is concerned with the message to the seamen, no chauvinism, no scabbing, organization, unity, etc. The effect of the story is heightened if the reader knows South Street, the waterfront of the East River at the lower end of

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Manhattan, a wide street with a bumpy surface. On one side are small buildings which house concerns handling marine goods; sailors' eating places where the menu is printed black crayon on white paper, the walls are papered in dull and faded designs, and the windows half-frosted over because of the wet off sea breezes mirror faces hunched over bowls of chowder and the racing sheets. Like Red Shirt Flanagan's place on South Street near Wall. And on the other side are the long pierhouses and the ships and Brooklyn Bridge is to be seen from any part of South Street and no fooling it is really "of harp and anvil fused," as [Hart'?] Crane said.

* * * * * 10 "SAILOR" BILL. If you want to meet a sailor Not a tinker or a tailor But the man who knows the answers— From A to Z, Horny-handed shell-back sailor Knowing anchor from a bailer And whose title in the foo'sle's Plain A B, Step right up and give a gander At the man who world would wander And straighten out the troubles Of the sea; It's the "sailor" William Greeno Who has maggots in his beano And who'd sell us all his Charter, You and me. "Dry land Sailor" William Greeno With his rackets keen as keeno Who would reap an AF of L harvest From the sea He will toil like any demon Work like hell to chain the seamen And with Bosses on this topic Will agree. But the real seamen on the ocean Have another sort of notion Which with dry land sailor Greeno Don't agree; They know well the ratty racket Of the AF of L Executive packet And this bloated, fat-faced savior Of the sea,

(Published in Pilot)

Written after William Green, President of the AF of L had issued a national charter to Harry Lundeberg to form a seamen's union in order to fight the National Maritime Union, a CIO affiliate. 11 MASS MOVEMENT

by Forty Fathoms There's a rumbling in the "auto," There's a mass move in the "steel," There's a landslide in the coal mines, That the workers all can feel; There is new life in the "rubber," There's new Leaders in Marine, Dawning of a modern era, Best that Labor's world has seen. There are fakers in their caucus, Fearful, hiding in their holes, Torrent,

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flood of demagoguery, There is vision blind as moles; For a new day is a burning, When all workers have their say, To their right to sweated profits, They will sweep our clouds away. There is murmur in the "textiles," Echoes from the lumber wood, There is thunder from the shipyards, And all workers call it good; For the long, dark night is over, And all workers see the light. Each has common cause with others, Sharing in each others might. Yes, our long dark night is over, And our power we can feel, Sweeping clean the far horizons, With a workers' hand of steel, For there's living, peace and plenty, Room enough for One and All, Heritage of our founding Fathers, Not for Morgan —Street called Wall.

12

THE BLACK MAN SPEAKS. I have studied, Brothers, studied! From the lowest ranks I came By my striving and my labor I have tried to play the game! From the fo'csle to a master Any tonnage sail or steam I have fought my way unaided But 't was all a useless dream. Colored skin was mine, my Brothers! Trials and torments in my path Boss owned hands were raised against me And ambition raised their wrath! Theirs the creed 'keep men divided', Pit the black against the white! Break the black man's soul and spirit Lest his mind should see the light. Light, that sees all men as Brothers Who must sail upon the sea, Who must sell their labor power And whose Hope is Unity! Standing in a mighty army, Black and white in vast array, Marching ON TO FEDERATION And the light of modern day.

(Published in the Pilot).

Written to fight Jim Crow carriers' in the NMU. 13 MARCH OF THE CIO Lightning flashes to the Eastward Thunder sweeping in the West Storm clouds o'er the Great Lakes region Where the fight for Life is pressed; Hurricanes along the Gulf ports East and West from New Orleans Maritime workers march together Coasts United are their dreams. Every barge and every towboat Every tanker, freighter, scow Answer to the shout of Brother Aid to each their pledge and vow; Federation, flag and symbol In the forward march they go Liners passing out to seaward Flash their message CIO. All longshoremen, every harbor From Seattle round to Maine Hear the message, ports and seaward March with us and

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play the game; Every warehouse, every truckman Every barge and every dredge Know
the sweep of this vast movement Offer CIO a pledge. Every Union its own destiny Leaders
arising from their own Sweeping clear the graft and rackets That on Labor ranks have
grown; Ever upwards, living standards Like the lightning bolt a blow Shattering all sub-
human values Sounds the message —CIO

(Published in the Pilot.) 14 VOYAGE This ship shall sail On the course we plan For our
National good Our chart we scan Our log is our Record Of Progress made Since our ship
slid down The strikebound ways. Then crowd on sail Loose the royals high Both fore and
aft She is taut and dry Of good stout oak Are her timbers made While the men who man her
Have made the grade. Up with your pennant N M U To the topmost swaying against the
blue Our figurehead is the C I O To lead the way thru the hardest blow To lead the way tho
the shoals abeam To our National harbor The Seamen's dream.

(Published in the Pilot) 15 KYOTE MARU There she lies, the heavy-laden bitch, Gorging
her holds with death. Blood, blood with every slingload To snuff out mankind's breath;
Innocent men and women, crushed By this scrap iron swinging oer the side. Ill 'gotten
tide that bears you out to sea You carrion. The curse of Christ be on you, Kyote Maru!
But no, 'tis not your fault; You're nothing but a ship, and fair to see. 'Tis men, degenerate
Men do this to you, Filling your belly with death and misery For profits for the few, Death
for the many. You should be bearing life, not blood, And mne should welcome you with
open arms As something precious; but now Your guts compose the iron flood To wreck
our civilization, our world. Are we gone made that we permit such things, Stand idly by
and watch these iron slings Unmoved? Ah no, we suffer too and know That evil things like
this should ne'er be so. We shall avenge this outrage 'gainst mankind And peace on earth
through struggle yet shall find.

(Published in the Pilot).

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(Refers to shipments of scrap iron to Japan and its use as war material.) 16 RETREAT

Oh, the Great Chief Oscar Carlson Took a passage in the night, For he could not face
the seamen Who were spoiling for a fight. He was looking for green pastures And his
thoughts were far away To the days when life was easy And his days were bright and gay.
Now his thoughts are far from rosy As he scampered through the night, Looking for his
ancient cronies Who had tried to rule by might; And his eyes rolled up to heaven, While
his mind was full of gloom, As he raced from off the waterfront Rather than face his doom.
Now his strong arm squad deserted When the going got too rough For the seamen of the
nation Proved to be both strong and tough; And he sought Gus Brown, his buddy, Who
had chiselled through the years, Then they wept and wailed together, For their hearts were
full of fear, Then there came Dave Grange the tyrant Full of bitter, anguished fear. With his
silver spats bespattered By his copious falling tear Thus in gloom the falling Caesars Sat
throughout the dismal night In their ears resounded uproar Of the rising seamen's might.
There's an end to longest voyage, And all traitors will but fail Who have thrived on sweated
Labor, Who have loved the yellow kale, Sold their souls to the shipowners, Fought against
the Workers All! And they knew the end was nearing When their Fascist rule must fall.

(Published in the Pilot) 17 NEW YEAR Eight bells have struck 'Tis New Year's night Old
Year — it is your watch below So pack your gear and hit the pike; Yet just a word before
you go. You've witnessed hard and bitter fight: Thru thick and thin and bitter woe The torch
of Freedom raised on high By men who dared to strike the blow. You've seen our struggle
for the Right: The march and growth of Rank and File; You've witnessed wretches laid
full low Who would all honor, truth defile. Eight bells have struck—be on your way! The
infant New Year's on the scene, But know that You have seen the birth Of what till now
has been a dream. You've witnessed East, West, North and South United in a mighty plan:
The path of struggle forged the chain That bind us each and every man. We wish you luck,
Old Year, goodbye; We carry on what we've begun, We shall not rest or halt our stride Till
Truth and Right and Freedom's won.

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(Published in the Pilot)

Written for New Year's, 1937, following the fall-winter strike of the New York Seamen. 18
THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING.

(Ode to Harry Lundberg) I'm known as "Lunchbox Harry" From Seattle town I came To
lead the West Coast Sailors In an everlasting fame. I arose as a rank and filer In the days
of '34 The AF of L Executive tactics I loudly did deplore. Cast forth to the outer darkness
Away from the august fold I found the rank and file of the sea All in one common mold.
And then came a blinding vision I dreamt of a stepping stone That would lead to power
and glory Where I would rule alone. Forgot was the cause of struggle The Rights of the
rank and file A King I'll be on every sea To rule in a modern style. I'd use the trust of my
members To extend my narrow realm I'd stand as a master mariner A skipper at the helm.
19 I gazed on far horizons To the East, the Gulf and West Then Bill Green came to my
rescue To aid me in my quest. He dangled an AF of L Charter Before my glittering eye
Forgot was the path of struggle With Green I'd do or die. With my "trusted" friends around
me To William Green I rushed A prodigal Son to his Father returned Behind closed doors
and hushed. So great was the golden promise That dazzled my reeling ken That I forgot
the picture Which rose in the minds of Men. The men who have fought the struggle From
every coast and sea Who marched on the far flung picket lines For Freedom and Unity.
Condemned by the Nation's seamen I stand at their Judgment gate, "Lundberg the pawn
of Green's treacher," To meet my well-earned fate.

(Forty Fathoms) (Published in the Pilot) 20 WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER

(Per William Green Esq.) I dubb thee Knight, Sir Lundberg, I give you accolade To joust
with Truth and Honor, Thou Brutus unafraid. Arise, Arise, Sir Harry, Up from your bended
knees, For you have earned your laurels In Joe Ryan's companie. Take now your trusty
weapon Arch racketeer art thou Yo've won your spurs; Sir Harry, With Scharrenberg by
now. Slay thou the CIO dragon, St. George and William Green, To split the Federation

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Will serve us well I ween. Arise, Arise, Sir Harry, Ride, Ride, for days of old Bring back the errant seaman To King Bill Green's own fold.

(continued) 21 Bring back the Gold days, Harry, To Sir Scharrenberg and Me, Bring back our long lost millions From slaves who sail the sea. I dubb thee Knight, Sir Lundeberg, A Knight both brave and bold Although to Honor traitor T'is healed by Owner's gold.

(Forty Fathoms) (Published in the Pilot) 22 EPITAPH. Weep, mourn, you great At Copeland's fate Your Will to serve no more Death with Eternal Fink Book His corpse laid at your door. Your works, your name, Oh Copeland, Who danced to Owner's hire, "Like far-famed Roman road of old Has ended in the mire." The chains you forged For Labor, Born in the Bosses' womb, Shall be engraved by toilers, And chiseled on your tomb.

(Forty Fathoms) (Published in the Pilot)

(Lines beginning "Like Far-famed Roman road . . . in the mire."), are possibly from Burns. Interviewer recalls informant's comment as mentioning this line from Burns. Informant is great admirer of Burns. 23 MARCH OF THE BLACK GANG. We are marching, Brothers, marching, We are now upon our way To our hard won Union freedom To a finer better day. Raise aloft the Union banner Raise a shout, ten thousands strong, We are marching ALL United Truth and Right our marching song. We are marching, Brothers, marching And we gather strength anew, See the vision of the Future And the broader, grander view. Raise aloft your Union banner Close the ranks, you rank and file Gather round your chosen leaders In a democratic style. We are through with Oligarchy, We are through with Autocrats, We are through with shyster methods And all dirty crawling rats.

(continued) 24 See, the power of the Black Gang Bursting like a sudden storm; Back, you fakers, and take warning For 'tis Freedom that is born. Wave on wave of anger sweeping Like the surf along the shore Telling all the Union fakers Get you gone before we roar. We

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are marching, Brothers, marching To a newer, finer day With our OWN elected chieftains
In the Democratic way.

Forty Fathoms. (Published in the Pilot)